

# THE CATHOLIC ART QUARTERLY



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# THE CATHOLIC ART QUARTERLY

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# SOPHISTRY AND THE BEAUTIFUL



THE achievement of Athens in the defeat of Persia made her a mercantile and intellectual leader in the Eastern Mediterranean world in the fourth century B.C.

This led to a growing dissatisfaction with the traditional system of education (based on gymnastic and music) and a new class of teachers appeared, called Sophists. These claimed to instruct young men in the practical affairs of life, notably in public speaking. The Sophists seem not to have aimed at teaching truth and developing a love for it, but at the achievement of success. Their Rhetoric was an art of controversy and persuasion rather than a science of reasoning. They held that to argue well one need not have real knowledge of a subject discussed if one knows how to capitalize on the blunders of one's opponent.

The Sophists taught a similar doctrine regarding morality, denying that the traditional rules of conduct have authority over the individual, or that it is possible to discover any moral rules which are binding on all men. Each man may choose actions that he regards as advantageous to himself. The wise man secures his own advantage. Moral distinctions are purely conventional, individual and relative.

Into this educational establishment, essentially sceptical and relativistic, entered Socrates. He opposed the Sophists' denial of the standards of right and wrong. He held that a closer examination of the facts would reveal basic moral agreements among men, and the famous "Socratic method" sought to display these agreements and establish the reality of general ethical principles.

He was followed by his equally illustrious pupil, Plato, who applied the method to logical problems. Plato attacked the scepticism of the Sophists with regard to truth. The Sophists taught that there are no standards by reference to which the words "truth" and "falsehood" can be measured,—that they have only a "practical" meaning, each man being the measure of truth for himself. Like all men whose interest is exclusively practical, the Sophists deemed absolute, scientific truth to be abstract and unmeaning. But Plato demonstrated the possibility of a scientific spirit that aims at, and can often achieve, a truth which is objective and real.

In our day, the reality of both the moral and the intellectual law is not without its defenders, but where are we to look for a defense of the third of the transcendental predicates—beauty? All around us, even among those who praise Socrates and Plato for their exposures of moral and logical scepticism, we see, with regard to beauty, an acceptance of the very sophistries that Socrates and Plato attacked. But if a transcendental predicate is not objectively real, then surely nothing is real. We cannot accept the fashionable aesthetic sophistry, no matter how widespread. On the contrary we must believe, and assert, that the Good, the True, and the Beautiful are equally aspects of Being, *are* indeed Being Itself as it is realized by the different functions of our finite minds. And we further believe that the ineptitudes of aesthetic sophistry can be demonstrated as conclusively as the ineptitudes of moral and logical sophistry.

It would seem presumptuous to the point of absurdity to suggest that the effort of the Catholic Art Association could in any way parallel the achievement of Socrates and Plato, and we therefore—as



Plato himself often did—take refuge behind a parable.

Philip Hagreen, the English engraver, tells of meeting the critic R. H. Wilenski in a London street, many years ago.

"Oh, Hagreen," cried Wilenski, "do look in at my flat tomorrow evening. Njinsky is coming, and has promised to

dance for us. And if he won't, I will."

We do not know what happened, or who danced, in that Chelsea or Bloomsbury flat all those years ago—but we know that in the larger Art World Njinsky has so far refused to perform. If he won't dance, we will.

## ART FOR ART'S SAKE?

*Ananda K. Coomaraswamy*



OME have answered the question "What is the use of art?" by saying that art is for art's sake, and it is rather odd that those who thus maintain

that art has no human use should at the same time have emphasized the value of art. We shall try to analyze the fallacies involved.

We have already referred<sup>1</sup> to the class thinker who has no use for art, and is ready to dispense with it as being part and parcel of the whole bourgeois fantasy. If we could discover such a thinker, we should indeed be glad to agree with him that the whole doctrine of art for art's sake, and the whole business of "collecting" and the "love of art" are no more than a sentimental aberration and means of escape from the serious business of life. We should be very ready to agree that merely to cultivate the higher things of life, if art be such, in hours of leisure, obtained by a further substitution of mechanical for manual means of production, is as much a vanity as the cultivation of religion for religion's sake on Sundays only could ever be and that the pretensions of the modern artist are fundamentally wishful and egotistic.

Unfortunately, when we come down to the facts, we find that the social reformer is not really superior to the current delusion of culture, but only angered by an economic situation which seems to deprive him of those higher things of life which the wealthy can more easily afford. The workman envies, far more than he sees through, the collector and "lover of art". The wage-slave's notion of art is no more realistic or practical than a millionaire's, just as his notion of virtue is no more realistic than that of the preacher of goodness for goodness' sake. He does not see that if we need art *only if and because we like art*, and ought to be good *only if and because we like to be good*, art and ethics are made out to be mere matters of taste, and no objection can be raised if we say that we have no use for art because we do not like it, or no reason to be good because we prefer to be bad.

The subject of art for art's sake was taken up the other day<sup>2</sup> by an editor of *The Nation*, who quoted with approval a pronouncement by Paul Valéry to the effect that the most essential characteristic of art is *uselessness*, and proceeded to say that "no one is shocked by the statement that 'virtue is its own reward' . . . which is



only another way of saying that virtue, like art, is an end in itself, a final good." The writer also pointed out that "uselessness and valuelessness are not the same things", by which, of course, he meant "are not the same thing." He said moreover that there are only three motives by which an artist is impelled to work, *viz.*, either "for money, fame, or 'art'."

We need not look farther for a perfect example of the class thinker stupefied by what we have called the whole bourgeois fantasy. To begin with, it is very far from true that no one is shocked by the statement that "virtue is its own reward." If that were true, then virtue would be no more than the self-righteousness of the "unco guid". That "virtue is its own reward" is actually a direct opposition to all orthodox teaching, where it is constantly and explicitly affirmed that virtue is a means to an end, and not itself an end; a means to man's last end of happiness, and not a part of that end. And in just the same way, in all normal and humane civilizations, the doctrine about art has been that art is in the same way a means, and not a final end.

For example, the Aristotelian doctrine that "the general end of art is man" was firmly endorsed by the mediaeval Christian encyclopaedists; and we may say that all those philosophical and religious systems of thought from which the class thinker would most like to be emancipated are agreed that both ethics and art are means to happiness, and neither a final end. The bourgeois point of view to which the social reformer in point of fact assents is sentimental and idealistic, while the religious doctrine which he repudiates is utilitarian and practical! In any case, the fact that a man takes pleasure, or may take pleasure, in doing well or in making well, does not suffice to make of this pleasure the pur-

pose of his work, except in the case of the man who is self-righteous or that of the man who is merely a self-expressionist; just as the pleasure of eating cannot be called the final end of eating, except in the case of the glutton who lives to eat.

If use and value are not in fact synonymous, it is only because use implies efficacy, and value may be attached to something inefficient. Augustine, for example, points out that beauty is not just what we like, because some people like deformities—or, in other words, value what is really invalid. Use and value are not identical in logic, but, in the case of a perfectly healthy subject, coincide in experience; this is admirably illustrated by the etymological equivalence of German *brauchen*, "to use", and Latin *frui*, "to enjoy."

Nor can money, fame, or "art" be called explanations of art. Not money, because aside from the case of manufacture primarily for profit instead of for use, the artist by nature, whose end in view is the good of the work to be done, is not working in order to earn, but earning in order to be able to go on being himself, *viz.*, to be able to go on working as that which he is by nature—just as he eats to be able to go on living, rather than lives to be able to go on eating. As to fame, it need only be pointed out that the greater part of the greatest art of the world has been produced anonymously, and that if any workman has only fame in view, "any proper man ought to be ashamed for good people to know this of him." And as to art, to say that the artist works for art is an abuse of language. Art is that *by* which a man works, supposing that he is in possession of his art and has the habit of his art, just as prudence or conscience is that by which he acts well. Art is no more the end of his work than prudence the end of his conduct.



It is only because under the conditions established in a system of production primarily for profit rather than for use we have forgotten the meaning of the word "vocation", and think only in terms of "jobs", that such confusions as these are possible. The man who has a "job" is working for ulterior motives, and may be quite indifferent to the quality of the product, for which he is not responsible; all that he wants in this case is to secure an adequate share of the expected profits. But one whose vocation is specific, that is to say, who is naturally and constitutionally adapted to and trained in some one or another kind of making, even though he earns his living by this making, is really doing what he likes most; and if he is forced by circumstances to do some other kind of work, even though more highly paid, he is actually unhappy. The vocation, whether it be that of the farmer or the architect, is a function; the exercise of this function as regards the man himself is the most indispensable means of spiritual development, and as regards his relation to society the measure of his worth. It is precisely in this way that, as Plato says, "more will be done, and better done, and with more ease, when every one does but one thing, according to his genius; and this is justice to each man in himself." It is a tragedy of a society industrially organized primarily for profit that this justice to each man in himself is denied him.

The basic error in what we have called the illusion of culture is the assumption that art is something to be done by a special kind of man, and particularly that kind of man whom we call a genius. In direct opposition to this is the normal and humane view that art is simply the right way of making things, whether symphonies or aeroplanes. The normal view assumes, in other words, not that the artist is a special kind of man, but that every

man who is not a mere idler and parasite is necessarily some special kind of artist, skilled and well contented in the making or arranging of some one thing or another according to his constitution and training.

Works of genius are of very little use to humanity, which invariably and inevitably misunderstands, distorts, and caricatures their mannerisms and ignores their essence. It is not the genius, but the man who can produce a masterpiece, that matters. For what is a masterpiece? Not, as commonly supposed, an individual flight of the imagination, beyond the common reach in its own time and place and rather for posterity than for ourselves—but, by definition, a piece of work done by an apprentice at the close of his apprenticeship and by which he proves his right to be admitted into the full membership of a guild, or as we should now say trade-union, as a master workman. The masterpiece is simply the proof of competence expected and demanded from every graduate artist, who is not permitted to set up a workshop of his own unless he has produced such proof. The man whose masterpiece has thus been accepted by a body of practising experts is expected to go on producing works of like quality for the rest of his life; he is a man responsible for everything he makes. The whole thing lies in the normal course of events, and so far from thinking of masterpieces as merely ancient works preserved in museums, the adult workman ought to be ashamed if anything he makes falls short of the masterpiece standard or is less than fit to be exhibited in a museum.

Genius inhabits a world of its own. The master craftsman lives in a world inhabited by other men; he has neighbors. A nation is not "musical" because of the great orchestras that are maintained in its capitals and supported by a select circle of "music-lovers", nor even because such orchestras offer popular programs. Eng-



land was a "nest of singing birds" when Pepys could insist on an under-parlor-maid's ability to take a difficult part in the family chorus, failing which she would not be engaged. And if the folk-songs of a country are now collected between the covers of books, or as the singer himself expresses it "put in a bag", or if in the same way we think of art as something to be seen in a museum, it is not that something has been *gained*, but that we know that something has been *lost*, and would fain preserve its memory.

There are, then, possibilities of "culture" other than those envisaged by our universities and great philanthropists, and possibilities of accomplishment other than those that can be displayed in drawing-rooms. We do not deny that the class thinker may be perfectly justified in his resentment of economic exploitation; as to this, it will suffice to point out once and for all that "the laborer is worthy of his hire." But what the class thinker, as a man, and not merely in his obvious rôle of exploitee, ought to demand but hardly ever dares to demand is a human responsibility for whatever he makes. What the trade-union should require of its members is a master's accomplishment. What the class thinker who is not merely an under-dog, but also a man, has a right to demand is, neither to have less to do, nor to be engaged in a different kind of work, nor to have a larger share in the cultural crumbs that fall from the rich man's table, but the opportunity to take as great a pleasure in doing whatever he does for hire as he takes in his own garden or family life; what he should demand, in other words, is the opportunity to be an artist. No civilization can be accepted that denies him this.

With or without machines, it is certain that work will always have to be done.

We have tried to show that while work is a necessity, it is by no means a necessary evil, but in case the workman is a responsible artist, a necessary good. We have spoken so far from the workman's point of view, but it need hardly be added that as much depends on the patron as upon the artist. The workman becomes a patron as soon as he proceeds to buy for his own use. And to him as consumer we suggest that the man who, when he needs a suit, does not buy two ready-made suits of shoddy material, but commissions a skilled tailor to make one suit of fine material, is a far better patron of art and better philanthropist than the man who merely acquires an old master and gives it to the nation. The metaphysician and philosopher are also involved; it should be a primary function of the Professor of Aesthetics to break down the superstition of "Art", and that of the "Artist" as a privileged person, of another sort than ordinary men.

What the exploitee should resent is not merely the fact of social insecurity, but the position of human irresponsibility that is forced upon him under conditions of manufacture primarily for profit. He has to realize that the question of the ownership of the means of production is primarily of spiritual significance, and only secondarily a matter of economic justice or injustice. In so far as the class thinker proposes to live by bread alone, or even with cake, he is neither better nor wiser than the bourgeois capitalist whom he affects to despise; nor would he be any happier at work by an exchange of many masters for few. It makes but little difference whether he proposes to do without art, or to get his share of it, so long as he consents to the inhuman deification of "Art" implied in the expression "art for art's sake." It is no more conducive to man's last, and present, end of happiness



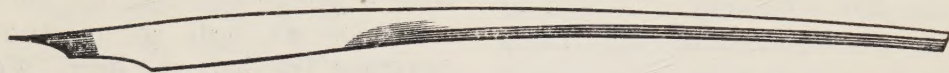
that he should sacrifice himself on the altar of "Art", than for him to sacrifice himself on the altars of a personified Science, State, or Nation.

On behalf of every man we deny that art is for art's sake. On the contrary. "in-

dustry without art is brutality", and to become a brute is to die as a man. It is a matter of cannon fodder in either case; it makes but little difference whether one dies in the trenches suddenly or in a factory day by day.

1 *Catholic Art Quarterly*, Christmas, 1956, page 3.

2 This Broadcast was given in January, 1937, and sponsored by the Boston Museum of Fine Arts.



# HANDWRITING

*Tom Gourdie*

It is well known that the two great Public Schools of England, Harrow and Eton, are the keenest of rivals on the sportsfield and in scholastic attainment, but it is not so well known that another annual contest takes place each Easter Term which is having much wider repercussions than any of the Sports contests. It is then that the two schools wield pens, not cricket bats, and endeavour to out-write each other. The school to win this Calligraphic Contest has its name inscribed in a beautiful leather bound book provided for the purpose by The Lord Great Chamberlain of Great Britain, the Marquis of Cholmondeley, who, having undergone a handwriting conversion some years ago, found an opportunity to create in this way an interest in fine handwriting in the pupils of those Schools. The many Preparatory Schools throughout the country, feeder schools for Harrow and Eton, came to emulate the Senior Schools by adopting a more objective approach to handwriting, so that many of the boys proceeding to Harrow and Eton have been

well groomed Calligraphically speaking before going up. But this is not confined to those special schools, for a chance look in at many a village school throughout the country will find the children there also taking more than ordinary interest in their handwriting. In one of those schools the name of Cholmondeley is held in great respect—in Malpas School, Cheshire, where the Squire (Lord Cholmondeley himself) persuaded Mr. Percy Wood to give time to the teaching of this subject. The subsequent success of this school in handwriting competitions open to all Britain has shown Mr. Wood to be a more than ordinarily successful teacher, and this suggests that he must have had more than ordinary enthusiasm for this subject. Yet Mr. Wood will tell you that for years he had despaired of ever finding a system of handwriting which would be within the scope of all mental stages, which would not break down readily at speed and which at the same time could be treated as an Art form as well as something purely utilitarian.



The Evening Classes held in Institutes all over the country may now be found catering for the parents of those children who are taught handwriting along the new lines in day school. This suggests that there is a renaissance in handwriting throughout Britain at the moment, and this is undoubtedly true. Look in at high level Conferences of our Civil Service and you will not find general scribbling and scrawling but notetaking in a hand of real beauty and grace—and the Secretary opening the morning mail will no longer be astonished to find a letter that is not only as legible as it could be but suggests the leisurely pace of a more mannered and courteous age! Within ten years this gradual awareness of our calligraphic decline and the means of its correction have penetrated the consciousness of Britain. It may now be stated that the old way of teaching writing is on its way out, and that the new, more scientific, more beautiful, and yet more practical hand has come to stay. Both the young and the very old are taking to it—and quite often the maturity of the young hand cannot be told from the youthful vigour of the octogenarian writing! When young pupil and teacher write an equally mature hand we have obviously arrived at a way of teaching handwriting which can no longer be ignored.

The principles involved are not new—nothing is new about the system except perhaps our more scientific approach to the problem. This account, therefore, of the way it is taught in my own school will be of interest to teachers who, I do hope, will be sufficiently convinced to try this out in their own handwriting first and from there to try it out in school. The way a child scribbles its first *M* movements hold the key to this writing. When

introducing this subject to pupils of eleven-plus, I therefore have as many as possible come out to the board and scribble this movement.

*mmmmmmmm*

With pencil on paper the same figure is practised and in practically every case the movement is rendered so that all down strokes are not only parallel but are equally spaced—suggesting that if we build a handwriting style on this as a foundation we shall get regularity of movement (rhythm) and speed. We can quite easily relate the drawing of the following clockwise letters to this basic movement.

*m: b h k m n p r*

The anti-clockwise rhythm is treated in exactly the same way, scribbled at first and then gradually disciplined to a more formal rendering.

*mmmmmm: um, um  
iltuy. acdg.  
vw. oq.*

You may have noticed how we have restricted the more formal rendering of the basic movements to four down strokes followed by a break—this is the limit of the movement of the writing fingers and it is this principle which, being ignored in the past, has given rise to much of the bad writing of our own time. Take it into account and allow for the restriction of movement by observing a pen lift or break after every third letter or so and we shall cut out a major obstacle to good legible handwriting. With this in mind I therefore continue with the following exercise, in which the letters of the two groups are preceded and followed by *m*, joined where convenient.



### Clockwise

m b m, b m b, m h m, h m h  
m k m, k m k, m n n m n  
m p m, p m p, m r m, r m r

### Anti-Clockwise

m i m i m i m a m a m a  
m l m l m l m e m e m e  
m t m t m t m d m d m d  
m u m u m u m g m g m g  
m v m v m v m o m o m o  
m w m w m w m e m e m e  
m y m y m y

Having introduced the letters belonging to the two basic movements of handwriting I then introduce the remaining letters of the alphabet which are in fact based on both movements.

ℳℳℳℳ : e f s x z

The more wide-awake of my pupils never fail to point out that 'e' is obviously an anti-clockwise letter but in this hand it is rendered in two ways: (1) as a one-stroke letter (anti-clockwise) and (2) as a two-stroke letter 'ℓ', and a join is made from the loop e, even

It is obvious why this should be—more illegibility arises from ℓ, particularly when it follows f, o, r, t, v, w

than from any other letter. It is perhaps an awkward thing to do at first but with practice the action becomes reflex and gives no trouble at all. As a general rule I advocate the use of the one-stroke form to begin words, or to follow a pen-lift, and the two-stroke letter to follow either a horizontal or diagonal joining stroke.

Another letter which requires practice is t which is joined from the cross-stroke rather than from the base. This practice restricts the height of t and also saves time since we have eliminated the need to go back to cross the letter.

Two forms of 's' are illustrated

### SONS

#### Joining Letters

The rules given for joining up are simple and logical—(1) a diagonal join will precede all letters of the alphabet except f and z but from o to f

a join will easily be made f f f

(2) Before a, c, d, g the diagonal join will not be made to the beginning of those letters but will be a half-diagonal join, the link up taking place with the anti-clockwise stroke ma, ma.

(3) Breaks will follow

but very often, b, g, j, p, e, s, x, y

particularly at speed b, p and s will join up easily.

It is however made quite clear to my pupils that breaking whenever it is most expedient, in order, for example, to allow the hand to move along, will be just as important as joining up and that this will be observed generally after every third letter. This is nothing new in handwriting. If one examines the writing of many adults it will be found that the majority observe the above rule, many use the cross-stroke of t as a joining stroke and of course in writing f, the form

I have illustrated has become standard practice, particularly when there is a double f. the. ff. office



## CAPITALS

We now go on to study the capitals, using as a model the simple sans-serif form perfected by the late Eric Gill. As they are rounder in shape than the small letters and therefore quite distinct when hemmed in by them, instructions are given not to make the capitals over conspicuous by making them any taller than  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of the ascender letters of the small alphabet. Again this is nothing new but follows the practice of the XVth century Italic Hand. We practice the Capitals by linking them with the small letters with *m*.

*Ama, Bmb, Cmc, Dmd*  
*Ene, Fmf, Gmg, Hmh*  
*Imi, Jmj, Kmk, Lml*  
*Mmm, Nmn, Omo, Pmp*

This, then is, the hand that we now teach to young and old; the hand that parents learn from their children and which is increasingly being used throughout the world.

Like all movements, writing movements require to be practised before they become easy and natural and before speed can be achieved. We therefore do not aim at any great speed to begin with but at the same time the exercises are not carried out too slowly—otherwise the basic rhythms would not flow. Until the new writing becomes second nature we keep the exercises fairly formal, correcting any tendency to poor letter formation and practising the deliberate breaking of words into three or four letter groups to encourage free and unfettered writing. The paper we used is lined, but in the later stages we practise on unlined paper for much of the work will be rendered on unlined paper later on in school life. This of course is another problem that has to

be faced, and many Primary school teachers in this country find that the best solution is to encourage very young children to begin on unlined paper and to carry on all the way through Primary School writing without the aid of lines. It is perfectly evident that in time those children acquire the ability to keep their writing neatly spaced out, leaving ample space between lines for ascenders and descenders not to become fouled.

The writing instruments used are the edge pen (of varying widths) and pencil. The edged pen gives us that most delightful quality of variation in thickness of stroke so sought after in copper-plate writing—but with the edge pen it can be achieved naturally, without recourse to changes of pressure as in Copper-plate. However, the question of learning to hold the pen at the proper angle has to be faced. The pen when held pointing off the shoulder slightly will give us the correct angle which is  $45^\circ$  to the horizontal, with the thickest stroke at right angles to that.



Turn or hold the pen in any other way and we upset the form of the letters. From a glance at a piece of writing I can tell at once the way in which the pen has been held—if the shoulder is thick and the down stroke thin the pen has been held pointing too far off the shoulder

(a) *MM* and when the down stroke appears too heavy the pen has been held pointing in towards the body.

(b) *mm*

Of course there is no doubt that bad pen hold can be traced to the use of fine pointed nibs in early years, but when the edged pen has been used from the beginning no such difficulty is encountered. Some of our Primary School teachers now introduce pen and ink almost right away, braving blots and all the attendant ink



spillings and "busted" nibs, so that one of the first principles of good writing will be acquired before much harm is done through excessive use of the pencil. If the writing instrument is held lightly between thumb and fore-finger and resting it on the middle finger, the writing can be done without pressure. The best pen is undoubtedly the fountain pen, with its broad grip its comparatively stout nib and its constant flow of ink. My pupils are always urged to acquire a good cheap fountain pen, preferably the Perry Osmiroid Italic, which like most pens for this type of writing, is to be had in three widths, Fine, Medium and Broad, and which by being cut also at an oblique angle caters for the left-handed.

The "left-handed" have a problem in handwriting, but it is not as much a stumbling block as it formerly used to be reckoned. They have to push the pen against the paper all the time, so by making an oblique nib we shape a nib which offers less resistance to paper; but its proper use requires more practice than the ordinary straight cut nib for the right-handed. It will be found necessary to tilt the paper to the right for left-handed writers, but apart from this the pen should be held and practice of the exercises should proceed as for the right-handed. Some of my finest writers have been left-handed, and thus I am never surprised when my left-handed writers produce as fine results as any of the accomplished right-handed exponents.

I am often asked if this style of writing is a skill only to be acquired by the more intelligent pupils, and my answer is an immediate and forthright NO! Many of the lower I.Q. groups have gained in respect and confidence through being able to shine in this Art, and through this

there has been a gradual improvement in other directions.

Again when the question of rhythm looms so large in the teaching of this hand I am asked how far I simplify the alphabet for infants, and here again is a forthright answer—there is no simplification, and the alphabet taught is that which will be used from the age of seven to seventy. From experience with infant classes I have found that since our letters are based on pure movement the letter shapes come quite automatically, and in fact can in many instances be just as mature in form as those of adults.

Literature on this hand, which is now known throughout the world as the Italic Hand, has been steadily mounting during the past ten years. Alfred Fairbank's "A Handwriting Manual", Wilfrid Blunt's "Sweet Roman Hand", John Howard Benson's translation of Arrighi's "Opera" and my own "Italic Handwriting" are to be had from most booksellers who cater for this sort of book. For schools my experience has been utilised to devise a scheme of writing cards which cater for beginners (of all ages) and provide everything in sequence for eventual mastery of Italic. This has been published by McDougall's Educational Co., Ltd., Edinburg. A small hand chart was also devised by me some years ago for my class of adults in Kirkcaldy; it has proved a very popular means of instruction and may be found pinned up in class rooms all over the world. In it are condensed all the practical points enumerated in this article—which I think proves the Italic Hand to be a basically simple thing requiring the minimum of skill but demanding, as in all crafts, its own measure of patience. But how worth while is this accomplishment! Why don't you try it?



The little thunder that you  
hear is hoof beats on the  
plain.

this and that this and that

TERRY SKINNER, AGE 7

I heard a horseman  
Ride over the hill,  
The moon shone clear,  
The night was still;  
His helm was silver,  
And pale was he;  
And the horse he rode  
Was of ivory.

MARGARET DICKSON, AGE 8



As soon as winter comes, the hedgehog makes a cosy little nest among a pile of dead leaves and curls up inside it. He is fat when he begins his sleep, but when he awakes on warm winter days, he is thinner and feels hungry. He may explore a ditch or two looking

GAVIN DAVIDSON, AGE 9

Many meteorites are found on the surface of the earth, ranging from the very smallest to a few weighing several tons. You can see some of these meteorites in our museums, and you will ponder over the fact that these bodies have wandered, perhaps for untold ages, in the vast domains of space.

JAMES BLACK, AGE 10



Bee-like Miss Thompson, whither next?  
Outside you pause awhile, perplex,  
your bearings lost. Then all comes back  
And round she wheels, hot on the track  
of Giles the grocer; and from there  
To Emile the milliner,  
There to be tempted by the sight  
of hats and blouses fiercely bright.  
(O gaud Miss Thompson, Powers that Be,  
From crudeness and Vulgarity!)

Still on from shop to shop she goes  
With sharp bird's-eye, inquiring nose,  
Prying and peering, entering some,  
Obscuring of the thought of home.

AGE 13

Et voilà les parents; ils sont toujours  
dans la même coin, entre deux rochers. Les  
mères causent, M. Fontanet lit ses journaux.  
Et que fait M. Darnien? Rien. Il est couché  
sur le sable, il ferme les yeux, il est heureux.  
Ne lit-il jamais les journaux quand il est  
en vacances? Jamais.

JANET MCARTHUR, AGE 13



That was the grandest funeral  
That ever passed on earth:  
But no man heard the trampling,  
Or saw the train go forth, —  
Noiselessly as the daylight  
Comes back when night is done  
And the crimson streaks on ocean's cheek  
Grows into the great sun.

LORRAINE MITCHELL, AGE 13

Two schoolgirls stood outside the Hull aerodrome. The Survey Flying Services were making one of their visits to the city. Five-shilling joy-rides were to be had, and the schoolgirl sisters glanced at each other.

"Let's have five shillings' worth, shall we," the elder of the two.

Her name was Amy Johnson, and the five-shilling joy-ride was her first experience of travelling by air!

"I mean to have an aeroplane of my own," decided Amy, as she left the flying ground.

SANDRA KINNEAR, AGE 13



Psalm 117

O give ye praise unto the Lord,  
all nations that be;  
Likewise, ye people all, accord  
his name to magnify  
For great to us-ward ever are  
his loving kindnesses:  
His truth endures for evermore.  
The Lord O do ye bless.

AGNES BELL, AGE 14

And the evening and the morning were  
the first day. And God said, let there be  
a firmament in the midst of the waters,  
and let it divide the waters from the  
waters. And God made the firmament,  
and divided the waters which were  
under the firmament from the waters  
which were above the firmament, and  
it was so. And God called the firmament  
Heaven. And the evening and the

ERIC PATERSON, AGE 14







## Winter

For winter came the wind was his whip:  
One choppy finger was on his lip,  
He he had torn the cataracts from the hills,  
And they clanked at his girdle like manacles.  
His breath was a chain without a sound,  
The earth the air and the water bound:  
He came fiercely driven in his chariot - throne  
By the tenfold blasts of the arctic zone,  
Then the weeds which were form of living death  
Fled from the frost to the earth beneath,  
There decay and sudden flight from frost  
Was but like the vanishing of a ghost.

Eric Paterson

Class 3F4

ERIC PATERSON, AGE 14



I come to bury Caesar, not to praise him.  
The evil that men do lives after them;  
The good is oft interred with their bones;  
So let it be with Caesar. The noble Brutus  
Hath told you Caesar was ambitious:  
If it were so, it was a grievous fault,  
And grievously hath Caesar answered it.  
Here, under leave of Brutus and the rest -  
For Brutus is an honourable man;  
So are they all, all honourable men -

ANNA CRAWFORD

And let the dry land appear: and it was  
so. And God called the dry land Earth;  
and the gathering together of the waters  
called he Seas: and God saw 'it was good.  
And God said, Let the earth bring forth grass  
the herb yielding seed, and the fruit tree  
yielding fruit unto his kind whose seed  
is 'in itself' upon the earth: and it was so  
and the earth brought forth grass and  
herb yielding seed after his kind and

DAVID MASTERSON, AGE 14

And he said, a certain man had two sons: and the younger of them said to his father, "Father, give me the portion of goods that follow to me." And he divided them unto his living. And not many days after the younger son gathered all together, and took his journey into a far country, and there wasted his substance with riotous living. And when he had spent all there arose a mighty famine in that land and he began to be in want. And he went and joined himself to a citizen of that country; and he sent him into his fields to feed swine. And he would fain have filled his belly with the husks that the swine did eat: and no man gave unto him. And when he came to himself he said, "How many hired servants have bread enough and to spare, and I perish with hunger! I will arise and to my father and will say unto him, Father, I have sinned against heaven, and before thee, and I am no more worthy to be called thy: make me as one of thy hired servants."

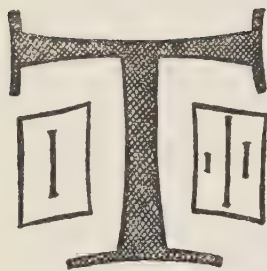
from St. Luke, Chapter 15

ALEX STUDLEY, AGE 14



# CARD TRICKS

by Sister M. Jeanne, O.S.F.



THE American penchant for scientific analysis has led a professor of sociology to conduct an experiment which brings to mind the story of Hans Christian Andersen: "The Emperor's New Clothes." The story goes that tailors had pretended to weave the emperor such extraordinary clothes that only the truly wise could behold them. Not wishing to appear unwise, both the emperor and his subjects yielded to the psychological process of suggestibility and praised the craftsmanship of the deceitful tailors, thus making claims directly contradictory to the dictates of reason. It was a little child who declared on an occasion of state that the emperor was without clothes and thus laid bare the carefully built up hoax. So the fairy tale goes in its account of social conformity.

It is interesting to conjecture to what extent our own opinions are conditioned by social or majority pressure. A recent psychological experiment which included subjects from three universities brings evidence to bear on the great effect that social pressure has on people's opinions. In brief summary, the experiments work like this. Seven to nine persons are shown a series of pairs of cards. One card always has a single vertical line. The other always has three vertical lines substantially longer or shorter than this the first one. Participants are asked to choose the line on card two which is the same length as the line on card one, and to declare their choice aloud. For two or three rounds everyone agrees. Then there is one dissenting opinion. The dissenter does not know that all the other members of the group have been instructed to give wrong answers in unanimity. Thus, while the dissenter is

actually giving correct answers, he finds himself unexpectedly in a minority of one, opposed by a unanimous and arbitrary majority with respect to a clear and simple fact. Upon him we have brought to bear two opposed forces: the evidence of his senses and the unanimous opinion of a group of his peers. Also, he must declare

his judgments in public, before a majority which has also stated its position publicly.<sup>1</sup>

The distressing fact is that

whereas in ordinary circumstances individuals matching the lines will make mistakes less than 1 percent of the time, under group pressure the minority subjects swing to acceptance of the misleading majority's wrong judgment in 36.8 percent of the selections.<sup>2</sup>

When questioned about their decisions, some said, "I must be wrong; they are right." For a surprising number of dissenters their difference became a sign to themselves of a deficiency which they must hide at all costs by subscribing to the majority opinion. Others who capitulated were suspicious of the majority opinion, but had too little confidence in their own opinions to support them. As Mr. Asch, the psychiatrist, points out:

When consensus comes under the dominance of conformity, the social process is polluted and the individual at the same time surrenders the powers on which his functioning as a feeling and thinking being depends. That we have found the tendency to conformity in our society so strong that reasonably intelligent and well meaning young people are willing to call white black is a matter of concern.<sup>3</sup>

Certainly this psychological experiment suggests application in the art world where pressures are not those of the majority, but of a powerful influential few "taste-makers." Otherwise, how shall we account for the success of Artist X who was practically unheard of a few years ago, and today his work is covered with prizes and acquired by museums and collectors all over the world? Is this success the result of spontaneous agreement of a large number of informed, independent opinions? Or, do fear and ignorance simply result in unquestioning submission to the judgment of so-called "art critics" or press agents?

If social pressures can sway public opinion so strongly in other areas (politics, advertising, etc.) how susceptible opinion must be in the field of art where admittedly there are no absolute formulas nor stereotyped patterns, and where social prestige attaches to knowing the so-called "great names" in modern art.

We must examine carefully the bases on which our judgments are made and remember that the only way to inform independence is through understanding and experience. This understanding will be facilitated in the matter of judging works of art of any period, and particularly our own, if we are aware of the difficulties involved.

(1) Solomon E. Asch, "Opinions and Social Pressure" *Scientific American*, 193 (November, 1955), 32.

(2) *Ibid.*

(3) *Ibid.*, p. 34.

## ST. TUTILO OF ST. GALL AND THE ORIGIN OF DRAMA

*Eugen Rosenstock-Huessy*

*The lyrics, epics, and dramas of the last thousand years were not developed from secular origins, but from literary and musical types of expression known as hymns, sequences, and tropes, and these three grew from the Liturgy itself. Hymns, sequences, and tropes, therefore, form an historic link between the Mass and subsequent secular literature.*

After the edifice of our Liturgy had been established, it was enriched in three ways. With St. Ambrose, a hymn became a sacred song independent of the Mass both in words and music. With Notker of St. Gall, a sequence became a new text for the wordless music of the Alleluja. And a trope was the injection into the liturgical text of further text. Generally speaking, the hymns allowed for the unfolding of the lyrical aspect of our worship.

The sequences permitted the growth of epical communications. And in the tropes we find the first seeds of the drama. The author of the first tropes was Tutilo of St. Gall.

Tutilo's life may be placed between 850 and 915 with relative certainty. In the last issue of the *Catholic Art Quarterly* a piece of his work in ivory was shown, but he was a painter and a poet as well as a sculptor. Although a professed monk,



he was so valiant a fighter that the Emperor Charles III exclaimed, "I would like to see the man executed who put so great a potential soldier into a cowl." It is fitting to give honor to the man who wrote the trope from which all the medieval Easter plays took their origin, and who was thus the dramatic ancestor of Shakespeare and Molière, Calderon and Schiller.

Tutilo wrote one trope for Christmas: "Hodie cantandus est nobis puer." In it the first and yet decisive step from liturgy to drama was taken, and can be studied. This step is so inconspicuous that the untrained eye would never see why it had in it seeds of such an immense later growth. Our habit of reading books blunts our understanding of the tremendousness of any change in the spoken, lived, and enacted liturgy.

The words of the Christmas Introit, taken from Isaias the Prophet (9, 6): "Puer natus est nobis et filius datus est nobis, cuius imperium super humerum ejus," rang in Tutilo's ears. He composed three stanzas leading up to these words. But only in print do they seem to be stanzas. Actually they are three dramatic steps. The first is the summons: "We have to sing today . . . ."

The second is the "delaying element", the question: "Interrogant, Quis est iste puer? . . . ."

The third releases the tension with the answer: "Respondent, Hic enim est . . . ."

We may assume that the *interrogatores* and the *responsores* were two half-choirs, because the manuscript breaks the flow of the verses by these two prose headings: "Interrogant" and "Respondent".

Now, for the first time, the prophetic utterance is preceded by a little drama which evoked what only drama can: the sense of necessity, of a common will binding together different kinds of people in a common reality, and through the

medium of dialogue, giving them truly dramatic rôles.

The monastic chronicler of St. Gall has recorded the performance of this Christmas trope, invented by their choir master, but it seems to have remained a local affair.<sup>(1)</sup> No so, however, with Tutilo's Easter trope. The local chronicle does not mention it, but it made history. The liturgical tone of Easter is different from that of Christmas. Here the dramatic question occurs in Chapter 20 of St. John's Gospel, and any dialogue developed from it is thus much closer to the Liturgy. The dramatic element in the Evangelist's unadorned story served as a conduit through which poured out the whole later development of the medieval Easter Plays. On Easter morning the angel at the sepulchre asks Mary: "Whom doest thou seek?" Tutilo takes this line from the Gospel and majestically rewrites it: "Quem quaeritis in sepulcro, Christicolae?" Here Mary takes on the guise of the Universal Church of Christendom. *Christicolae*, with a pun, is answered by *caelicolae* in Mary's reply. And again, instead of the one angel, the whole cloud of angels is before us. We translate the dialogue as follows:

Angel: "Whom do you seek in the tomb, all ye in whom Christ dwells?"

The Marys: "Jesus of Nazareth, the crucified, all ye who dwell in heaven."

Angel: "He is not here; he has risen as he foretold. Go out, proclaim, he has risen from the grave."

The Marys: "Alleluja. The Lord has risen. Today he has risen, the strong lion, God's Son; say Grace to God. Eia!"

Another drama of the Church, for the day of the Holy Innocents (December 28th), grew out of a similar question in Rachel's song: "Why doest thou weep O virgin mother?" (Quid tu virgo mater ploras?)

But Tutilo's dialogue affected even wider circles. K. Young, in his book "The

Drama of the Medieval Church" (1933, I, 201 - 272) has traced the expansion of its influence.

The less self-conscious the acorn the more fruitful it becomes. It took the insight and laboriousness of modern scholarship to establish Tutilo as the author of

the Easter trope in manuscripts 484, 376, 398, and 381 in the library of St. Gall. In the fantastically small beginnings of anything great the law of our creation stands revealed. Of this law Tutilo's achievement is a good specimen.

(1) See Wolfram von den Steinen's profound and informative work on Tutilo's friend Norker, in two volumes, Bern, 1948.

## ORIGINAL TUTILO TEXTS

### TROPE FOR CHRISTMAS

Rubric: Primo dicant cantores:  
Hodie cantandus est nobis puer  
quem gignebat ineffabiliter ante  
tempora pater,  
et eundem sub tempore generavit  
inclita mater.

Rubric: Interrogant (dicant alteri):  
Quis est iste puer,  
quem tam magnis praeconiis  
dignum vociferatis?  
Dicite nobis,  
ut collaudatores  
esse possimus.

Rubric: Respondent (item dicant prae-  
titulati cantores):  
Hic enim est,  
quem praesagus et electus  
symmista Dei ad terras  
venturum praevidens  
longe ante praenotavit  
sicque praedixit:  
(Here the official liturgy begins)  
Puer natus est et fulius datus est  
nobis . . . . .

### TROPE FOR EASTER

Rubric: Stent parati dui dicaoni induti  
dalmaticis retro altare dicentes:  
Quem quaeritis in sepulcro,  
O Cristicolae?

Rubric: Respondent dui cantores  
stantes in choro:  
Iesum Nazarenum crucifixum,  
O Caelicolae.

Rubric: Item diaconi:  
Non est hic; surrexit, sicut prae-  
dixerat.  
Ite, nuntiate,  
quia surrexit.

Rubric: Tunc cantor dicat excelsa voce:  
Alleluja, resurrexit Dominus,  
hodie resurrexit leo fortis,  
filius Dei.  
Deo gratias; dicite; eia.

From Clemens Blume, S.J., *Analecta  
Hymnica*  
Volume 49, *Propi Graduales*, Leip-  
zig, 1906, page 7



# THE PRESIDENT'S NOTES

"Something", Pope Pius wrote in his Christmas 1956 message, "is not proceeding aright in the internal scheme of modern life; an essential error must be sapping its foundations . . .". That error he identifies as the "deep cleavage between life and Christian belief". We call it secularism. "Up to now," says Pius XII, "we . . . have avoided calling Christendom to a crusade." The "up to now" is heavy with the implication that the moment has come to choose and fight for the choice. It is high time that *we* choose between sense and nonsense in art.

Which reminds us that reprints of the Constitution are now available from our membership secretary, Mrs. Mercer.

You have probably noticed that our travelling exhibitions chairman, Sister M. Claire, C.S.J., has some of our shows and slide lectures ready for circulation again. We are also working on some new ones. There should be a solemn Mass vestment set ready for travel sometime in late spring. An exhibition of other objects used in the celebration of the Liturgy is also being organized. And there may be a vestment slide lecture, too.

Our education chairman, Miss Dorothy VonPoppelen, is sounding out the college and seminary subscribers to *Newsletter* on a possible study tour of Europe in the summer of 1958 under the direction of Dr. Balduin V. Schwarz, professor of philosophy in the graduate school of Fordham University. Dr. Schwarz directed a similar tour under the sponsorship of Mount Saviour Monastery last summer. Write Miss VonPoppelen if you are interested.

We are fortunate in having obtained the services of Mr. Alfred Meullerleile of St. Paul, Minnesota as our North Central Regional Director. Word comes of

activity in many of our newly constituted Regions. We hope that all Regions will hold some sort of a meeting before Summer. Perhaps we should soon look into the possibility of diocesan representatives.

For those of you who are uncertain of your Region we list the States which form each Region.

New England: Maine, New Hampshire, Vermont, Massachusetts, Rhode Island  
Atlantic: New York, New Jersey, Connecticut

East: Pennsylvania, Delaware, Maryland, District of Columbia, Virginia, West Virginia

South: North Carolina, South Carolina, Georgia, Florida, Alabama, Tennessee, Louisiana, Mississippi

South Central: Oklahoma, Arkansas, Texas, Kansas

North Central: Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska

East Central: Ohio, Michigan, Kentucky, Indiana

Central: Missouri, Illinois, Iowa

Northwest: Washington, Oregon, Montana, Idaho, Wyoming

Southwest: California, Colorado, Arizona, New Mexico, Nevada, Utah

Canada: All Provinces

If you do not know what activity there is in your Region, write your Regional Director.

We are happy to announce that the 1957 national convention will be held at Mount Marty College in Yankton, South Dakota on August 16-17. Sister Leonarda, O.S.B. is to be our hostess. The convention program committee seems to be settling on a theme, "Sacred Art in a Secular World", which will allow discussion of how to teach traditional Catholic principles of art and demonstrations of art

teaching techniques. A complete convention program will be printed in the Pentecost issue. Our convention time and location will permit easy travel to Collegeville for the 1957 Liturgical Week which opens on August 19 and is also interested in problems of education.

Incidentally, our award committee, under the chairmanship of Father Emeric Pfeister, O.S.B., is preparing a medal and a recipient for the first awarding at the 1957 national convention. Our advisor and editor, Mr. Graham Carey, is making the dies for the medal.

*Thomas Phelan*

## BOOK REVIEWS

### THE BIBLE AND THE LITURGY

JEAN DANIELOU, S.J.

Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1956

372 pp., \$5.25

Father Jean Danielou's reputation as a scholar is so internationally established that there is no need to review this book from the point of view of biblical and liturgical scholarship. However, for the readers of such a magazine as the *Catholic Art Quarterly* it has a special interest. Artists who wish to work for the Church as artists may need an understanding of her mysteries greater than that of other Catholics. For example, if a painter is commissioned to decorate a baptistry he needs a special knowledge of the nature of the sacrament of Baptism, and also of the basis on which it has been represented by artists of the past. To what extent is this book of value to such people?

The volume is a printed record of lectures given by Father Danielou at the Liturgical Summer School which over the last decade has been organized with growing success by the indefatigable Father Michael Mathis, CSC of Notre Dame. Since I not only heard the original lectures but discussed their subject at great length with Father Danielou when I drove him around the country, I already had a pretty good idea of the contents of the book. However, I examined it anew with great

care, and have come to the following conclusions.

This is the study by a biblical and exegetical scholar of the use of allegorism in the Old and New Testaments by the writers of East and West up to the fifth and sixth centuries. The author gives us the complete record in a thorough manner. He gives a good picture of the earliest attempts at allegorism which were made in the Jewish community of Alexandria in Egypt, and were perfected by Philo. He discusses in a leisurely way the great Christian names of Clement, of his disciple Origen, of Cyril of Jerusalem, Theodore of Mopsuestia, Ambrose, Cyprian, Augustine, Leo the Great; of Tertullian and Hippolytus and many more. He treats methodically the allegorizing by these writers of the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, and the Eucharist; the biblical allegories of Easter, Ascension and Pentecost; of the Sabbath, the Lord's day, and why that is spoken of as "the Eighth Day". The author accepts the results of the Fathers with obvious enthusiasm. There is no doubt that a careful study of all this by our contemporaries would open to them a world of glittering references, of prophecy and meaningful typology in the Old and New Testaments, which would clarify what is left of the Christian art of the Patristic epoch, and of those subsequent times that were nourished by the



symbolic wealth of the Church's Spring. Many a reference in our liturgical texts would also assume a new meaning, and we would learn to see the surviving documents—pictorial, sculptural, and literary—in their proper relation to sacred history.

However, I should think that the modern maker of things designed to serve our worship would have to have a clear understanding of the inability of his contemporaries to grasp the meaning of this brilliant, but often abstruse, use of events and words. When a Father sees a special significance in the fact that eight persons were saved in the ark of Noah, because eight is an eschatological figure and signifies perfection and eternity, this will hardly be the kind of allegorism which will set the hearts of our contemporaries aglow—nor will a pictorial presentation of the eight people in the ark convey any meaning to a religious person of our own day. Even the march of the Jews through the Red Sea as a wall decoration in one of our baptistries will need exegesis. We are no longer "allegory-happy", if I may use such a slang expression in this context. The exaggerations of the Alexandrian school of allegoric interpretation of the bible, and of medieval men like Amalar and Durandus in the field of mass explanations, have left a painful memory. Even the fact that such "juggling" of figures delighted a Saint Augustine cannot convince us any longer of anything but the playfulness of a great mind. The scriptures were then seen as a complete book and their "bookishness" was detached from their meaning as a record which grew gradually into a history with its own undisclosed meaning. The idea of fulfillment through Christ, come in the fulness of time, was then so overpowering that no event in history remained without a sacred relationship to the Event of events and to its enshrinement in the liturgy. To expect people of our time to recapture this

directness of faith is to expect that we be made over completely; and I fear that we have no reason to expect that at once. As things are, an artistic expression full of allegorical interpretations of sacred events, and of dark hints and brilliant allusions, will only confuse the faithful, for whom it will convey little more than the historical meaning of the story told by our imagery.

Of course, a few symbolic references are even now understood. The Paschal Lamb, Manna, Melchisedech's offering, the imagery of Psalm 22, etc., can easily be related to the Holy Eucharist. But is it fruitful for our edification, after having been trained in definitions and theses, to go beyond the symbolism which is immediately given with the sacraments? Does it help to know what water meant to the ancients?

It is therefore necessary to read this book with a mind open to the deficiencies of the age of the Fathers as well as to the allegory-blindness of our own generation, and then to be judicious in our adoption of individual types of the Old and the New Testament as we find them in this well-assorted treasury of Father Danielou's learning. *Vestigia terrent*: the liturgical allegorists of the Middle Ages did more to obscure the true meaning of the symbolism of the liturgy than to clarify it. Is it really a help to our faith and to the understanding of the Redeemer to cover the walls of our baptistries with such symbols of Christ as fishes? The roundabout interpretation of the Greek acrostichon ICHTHYS, Fish—Jesus Christ Son of God Savior, is hard to retain, and the "Big Fish-Little Fish" relationship between the Savior and the saved will hardly strike the chord it struck in the days of the Fathers. A great deal might be clarified by confronting symbols and allegories with depth-psychology and by sifting and validating them through the sieve of

archetypal representation, but for this experiment we are not yet ready. This research has only just begun and it is mostly in the hands of experts of religious psychology and comparative history of religions. What we need is the results of methodical studies of men like Victor White and Jean Danielou in this field.

To conclude on a positive note; if you look for symbolic representation accord-

ing to the mind of the Fathers, and a thorough and well substantiated work on it, you cannot do better than to study this classic. It also contains in one volume a thorough discussion of the many allusions in the two Testaments that provide the overtones for our liturgy. No writer has stressed more thoroughly the eschatological character of our sacraments than has Jean Danielou.

*H. A. Reinhold*

## THE YEAR AND OUR CHILDREN

MARY REED NEWLAND

P. J. Kenedy; New York, 1956



IF YOU were to ask modern children to make a list of their greatest joys, I doubt if the celebration of feasts would rank high on their lists. Yet if you were to ask the parents of these children what were the joys of their childhood, I am sure that

the memory of the celebration of holidays and seasons of the Church year would rate high. There are all sorts of causes which have been suggested for this difference between the generations.

First there is the disintegration of family stability which once set the stage for feasting. There is an absence of community which is a basic ingredient of any celebration. There is the tremendous lack of active participation in worship, the first source of Christian spirit and joy, which alone will inspire a people to respond in celebration. We need not be as concerned with causes as with results. The result has been that religion, art, and daily living have all lost their "inner joy". Religion has become doctrinal restraint. Art has become inbred for its own sake instead of recreating creation for God's sake. Most of our living sees only the rather dull and sterile prospect of doing everything for self and ignoring the needs of others.

In a book, *The Year and Our Children*, Mary Reed Newland confesses that she in particular and her family in general were "stirred up" by this lack of joy and growth toward God. She discovered that most

twentieth century living is but half living. The other half was lost when the pattern of life with the Church was lost. This book was written to adapt the liturgy of the altar to the home. So much of the worship of the Church is made up of physical activities which prepare our hearts and minds to respond to God, and the home celebration of feast and fast does the same. In this response is the "inner joy of religion" as we and our children live the year with Christ.

The very real happiness of being a Christian family can not be bottled up but finds its overflow in celebration. Mrs. Newland shows us her family expressing that joy in all sorts of "visible language". No wonder this book is a treasure for home artists. She may make a Jesse tree for Advent or a dramatic reading (with a bit of the brogue) for St. Patrick's Day. With the flip of a peanut she transforms her gun-toting cowboys into keepers of a



zoo with all the realism of cage and ape. She hurriedly sews up a banner for the feast of the Assumption and designs costumes and symbols for the Newland patron saints. The ordinary demands of time and a practical family prevent the book from becoming sanctimonious.

I am sure that Mrs. Newland has a merry laugh. You don't dare be an apostolic parent without one. She can laugh at her poor attempts to create civilized Christians out of "verbal cannibals", but in describing the creative process she has proven herself a master story-teller. In one paragraph she paints the poignant picture of her father's death. In another she comforts a child whose home-made

Valentines were ridiculed by his school-mates.

There may be some who will criticize the ample use of quotations from ritual of legend even intimating that the use of such prayers in the home is not licit. But just to know of these blessings is to love the Church more. Some may object to building shrines for Our Lady of macaroni boxes, or modeling the Holy Spirit in "Gook" (a mixture of salt, cornstarch, and water). But the greatest artist often makes something out of nothing. *The Year and Our Children* will leave you with a sincere reverence for creative work and a special love for the liturgy as "the most important means of the soul's ascent to God."

Florence S. Berger

## SAINT BERNWARD OF HILDESHEIM

TSCHAN, FRANCIS J.

### 1. *His Life and Times*

Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1950. vii-235 pp., \$4.50.

### 2. *His Works of Art*

Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1951. vii-503 pp., \$5.00.

### 3. *Album of All Extant Works*

Notre Dame, Indiana: University of Notre Dame Press, 1952. 504 pp., \$6.00.

(These are numbers 6, 12, and 13 in the University of Notre Dame's Publications in Mediaeval Studies, edited by Philip S. Moore, C.S.C., and Joseph N. Garvin, C.S.C.)

No book published in three volumes,—even if one of them is composed of plates only,—can be expected to be light reading. Professor Tschan's study of the life and work of Saint Bernward, the result of many years of painstaking and devoted research, is addressed to the scholar; it makes no conscious effort to appeal to the

average reader. Nearly every page carries its quota of footnotes; there is a thorough index, and a bibliography covering thirty-six pages, including, one is certain, even the briefest notice in some obscure periodical.

But let none of this frighten away a person concerned, as we all should be, with the subject of art for the church. For this is distinctly a book for the layman as well as the scholar. You can (with all respect to the author's learning) ignore the footnotes, many of which simply identify the whereabouts of a quoted passage; you may perhaps skim certain pages. Whatever you do read (and many of us are out of practice in reading solid prose, alas) will prove highly rewarding. The style is direct and clear, bespeaking the prudent thinker; now and then it rises to the level of quiet poetry. The content so gravely and earnestly presented can hardly fail to catch one's imagination and arouse genuine excitement.

Volume 1 deals with the life and times of Saint Bernward; Volume 2, about twice the length of Volume 1, describes and

analyzes the works of art for which he was responsible, and Volume 3 illustrates them in plates made from photographs of the originals, many of them published for the first time. Among these are several views of the church of St. Michael at Hildesheim, which has suffered many restorations and was finally bombed during World War II.

The reader may well be encouraged to follow his natural instincts and look first at the illustrations. To the medieval scholar they reveal old friends; to others they may seem unexpectedly familiar, for the artifacts represented are clearly related to the kind of sculpture, painting, and metalwork reproduced in such books as Henze's *CONTEMPORARY CHURCH ART*. Bernward worked in the late tenth and early eleventh centuries; as you study Professor Tschan's plates you must be struck by similarities between this early mediaeval art and the twentieth century artifacts we are coming to accept as genuinely Christian in character. *Are* the latter derivative from the former? At what point do some if not all of them tend to lapse into pseudo-mediaeval clichés,—borrowed mannerisms? Whatever may be said of present-day art, the bronze reliefs of Hildesheim show us the fresh, first-hand, authentic expression of a master mind and a master soul,—all the more remarkable because the bishop directed other craftsmen in carrying out projects conceived by himself but rarely if ever worked upon by his own hands. These works include illuminated manuscripts, objects in ivory, gold, and silver; bronze candlesticks; a jewelled reliquary cross to contain the fragment of the True Cross preserved in St. Michael's church, Hildesheim; and his most famous works, a huge bronze column and a pair of bronze doors decorated in high relief with scenes from the Old and New Testaments, made for St. Michael's and still in existence. A study of details from these fasci-

nating and often very moving reliefs should do much to explain what is being done by certain modern sculptors for the church. The plates are not uniformly sharp and clear, but their general quality is good; those illustrating the New Testament scenes from the spiral reliefs on Bernward's bronze column are especially fine and exciting. Volume 2 contains one of the best descriptions I have read, of the complicated and terrifying process of lost-wax casting by which these masterpieces were created.

Volume 1 is a remarkable summary of the early middle ages in Europe, in Germany particularly. Born about 960, consecrated bishop of Hildesheim in 993, Bernward was close to many of the great men of his day: the emperor Otto II and his empress Theophano, the proud Byzantine princess; their son Otto III, who died so young; his successor Henry II; popes, bishops, and the powerful Saxon Willigis, archbishop of Mainz, over whom Bernward triumphed in the long and bitter controversy over Gandersheim, where the nun Hroswitha had written her Christian dramas some decades earlier; Thangmar, Bernward's teacher in the cathedral school at Hildesheim, whose biography of his famous pupil is our primary source of information about the bishop. Professor Tschan gives a vivid picture of the politics, the rivalries in church and state alike, the life at court and in the monasteries, the vigorous new blood of the Saxon north challenging the older aristocratic traditions of the Byzantine empire. So much historical detail may seem unnecessary in a book primarily concerned with a great figure in the development of Christian art, but those who take the trouble to read it will find it an absorbing account of the civilization which formed the context of Bernward's career.

Volume 2 deals in detail with the works which ultimately made Hildesheim famous



throughout Christendom. We see Bernward as a daring and inspired innovator,—the “modern” master of his day. Drawing on Byzantine, classical, and northern European sources, he created an art that was genuinely new and original; an art intended to glorify God, to foster liturgical worship, and to teach. The visual language he evolved for these explicit purposes has never been surpassed. To modern eyes accustomed to sentiment and emotion in religious art, Bernward’s stark, condensed forms may seem cold or even ugly; they lack warmth, attractiveness, the softness and grace that so often passes for “beauty.” Instead, they have truth; they say clearly and simply exactly what they mean. They were not made to be enjoyed or “appreciated,” but to be understood and acted upon. They are genuine liturgical art.

Volume 2 ends with an analysis of Bernward’s architectural masterpiece, the church of St. Michael at Hildesheim. The most recent solution of the problems relating to its original plan is that of the German scholar Joseph Bohland, junior, whose long report is printed by Professor Tschan in translation, along with drawings made by Dr. Bohland, who studied the building before and after the bombings of 1945. Much of this report is too technical for the general reader, but the final conclusions are recommended to the attention of everyone interested in church building today. Thanks to Dr. Bohland’s research, we can now be fairly certain of the original appearance of the church. The simple, dignified structure, with its two transepts, many towers, and apsidal western end, was a pioneer in the evolution of the noble

pre-Gothic style known as Romanesque. It is an architecture of order and reason rather than of mystery and wonder. Professor Tschan’s final paragraph sums up Bernward’s superb harmonization of form and content:

In this simply conceived spaciousness there was a rhythm, a harmony that begot religious feeling neither by stimulating the fancy nor by intoxicating the senses nor even by inciting to asceticism. Saint Michael’s, it has been said, represents religious architecture in the absolute. Hardly a church of its time met its purposes by simpler means, thereby rendering all values the more clearly. Nowhere were the relationships that soberly should exist between men and their God obscured. Bernward’s church made the supernatural natural. There was no suggestion of a mystical submersion of self in God, no Gothic striving to God—throughout there was only the sense of rest in the Lord. The worshiper might be conscious of the unit in which he stood, but he was more conscious of being in a harmoniously blended whole . . . . [He] was permitted . . . . to feel the spiritual, perhaps also the mundane, security there was in being completely encompassed by a stronghold dedicated to the saving Cross and to God’s victoriously warring archangel.<sup>1</sup>

The book is an impressive piece of scholarship and a valuable work of reference. I could wish that the captions accompanying the illustrations had included the present locations of the objects shown; and untranslated Latin quotations are doubtless complimentary to the reader, but he still might appreciate an English version, in a footnote at least. These however are minor matters. The book deserves to be read thoughtfully and widely.

*Katherine B. Neilson*

(1) Tschan, Volume 2, p. 452.

# TEN YEARS AGO

*Excerpt from "CROWNS"*

*by Graham Carey*

Horns on the headdresses of warriors are found all over the world, and their intention is obvious enough. We see them among the Scandinavian warriors, and among the sophisticated Egyptians and Greeks. Everywhere the horned helm was a natural expression of power.

In a similar way the halo expressed goodness. The faces of all truly happy and truly holy people are said to "shine." In the presence of real sanctity we feel a radiation of goodness which can almost be seen. Light seems to flow from holy people, and to illuminate, warm and bathe the hearts and minds of all who come near them. And this invisible radiance has been made visible when men have made images of holy personages, divine or human. We call the light a "glory", *gloria* meaning, of course, the shining of a great light. We call it a "nimbus", a word which originally meant a bright cloud, a word cousin to *nebula*, which originally meant sky or heaven. And our commonest word for it is "halo", which first meant in Greek the golden circle left in the straw of the threshing floor by the hooves of the revolving oxen. From this it came to mean a luminous ring around the sun or the moon, and from this a spiritual luminosity, the radiance of the holy.

And so also with crowns. The king wears on his head the emblems of divinity. As statues of gods wore horns and haloes, so does he. His crown is a compromise between the original halo type of crown, as worn by Apollo and our statue of Liberty in New York harbor, and the circlet of bull's horns. It means might as well as light, strength and stability as

well as goodness and truth. Sometimes it is but a circlet of gold studded with jewels which symbolize the flashing forth of light.

Scepter and crown both proclaim that the wisdom and might of the king are not his own, but are from God above him. His eminence is only a dim shadow of the real eminence of God.

The uniqueness of the Incarnation is the basic principle which separates Christianity from false religions. It is interesting historically, and it is fitting symbolically, that one of the chief symbols of Christ's passion should be unique also. The Crown of Thorns is unique among crowns. Its singularity lies in the fact that the rays, instead of turning out, turn in. Christ's chief suffering lies in the fact that His majesty is turned, so to speak, against Himself. The crown means power and it means benevolence, but the rays do not shine forth as a glory before men, but turning inwards wound the head of the King that wears it. Christ sits there, mocked, a weak reed in His hand. To secular eyes the scene is a cruel and sorry joke. To traditional eyes it is a perfect symbol. Majesty is there, truth and goodness, eminence is there and stability. But these divine qualities are veiled. Omnipotence has accepted powerlessness; omniscience has submitted itself to an appearance of folly. The Priest offers Himself as the Victim. The Lamb has redeemed the sheep. The King has submitted Himself to insult and mockery of His Kingship. The Crown of Thorns is not merely an instrument of suffering or of humiliation. It is an expression of the essential nature of the Redemption.



# CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

PHILIP HAGREEN is an ivory carver and engraver. We include with this issue the photographic reduction of one of Mr. Hagreen's wood cuts, representing the Risen Christ displaying his wounds.

TOM GOURDIE is one of the growing number of enthusiasts for the handwriting reform which began in England at the beginning of the century with the work of Edward Johnston. It is often said that handwriting reform is all very well for adult enthusiasts, but of doubtful value among school children. Mr. Gourdie's essay and the samples of the work of his young pupils which follow it should refute this. The plates, unfortunately, give a very imperfect idea of the quality of the children's writing. We plan to publish in a future issue a reproduction of the chart to which Mr. Gourdie refers.

SISTER M. JEANNE, O.S.F. needs no introduction here, since she has been the editor of the *Catholic Art Quarterly* until the last few issues. She is at present studying at The Catholic University of America in Washington. The article here printed is part of a talk given by Sister Jeanne at the Workshop on Art held at The Catholic University of America last summer.

ANANDA COOMARASWAMY (1877 - 1947) was one of the few professional philosophers to shake himself free from the grip of the aesthetic Zeitgeist. As a young scientist making a geological survey of Ceylon, he came into close contact with a surviving traditional society in which pre-industrial conceptions of art had not yet been destroyed. The rest of his life was devoted to the study of the arts of mankind, and to those conditions which make these arts either healthy or unhealthy. Together with Dr. Denman W. Ross he founded the famous Ross-

Coomaraswamy collection of oriental works of art at the Boston Museum of Fine Arts, where for many years he was curator and Research Fellow. This broadcast was sponsored by the Boston Museum, and is here reprinted by permission of Dr. Coomaraswamy's widow and literary executrix.

EUGEN ROSENSTOCK-HUESSY has been a teacher of philosophy, in the exact and rare sense of those words—a teacher of the love of wisdom—for over a generation. He is a difficult man to describe without similarly restoring to their etymological means the words used to describe him. A leading German paper recently referred to him as "the man who has overcome the Greek way of Hegel and the Israelitish way of Marx by his Christian faith in God's incarnation in history." Dr. Rosenstock-Huessy's *Universal History* is announced for publication next year, but unfortunately only in German.

KATHERINE NEILSON, who took her doctorate in Fine Arts at Radcliffe College, where she studied under such well-known medievalists as Kingsley Porter and Adolf Goldschmidt, is obviously well-fitted to review such a work as the *Life of St. Bernward*. She has participated in several of the recent Work Shops on Art at the Catholic University in Washington. She is at present curator of the Wadsworth Athenæum at Hartford, Connecticut.

H. A. REINHOLD is a parish priest of the Diocese of Yakima, and a frequent contributor to such periodicals as *The Commonweal*, *Worship*, and *Today*. He is an authority on Liturgy and a national director of the Liturgical Week. He has published *The Soul Afire*, *Speaking of Church Architecture*, and his *The American Parish and the Roman Rite* is now in the press.



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